

The Floor

(a poem)

Way down here
on the ground
is where I will
always be found

Made of wood
and other stuff
you can shine me,
if you buff

I am plain
and I am flat
I'm a place
for your cat

Walk on me,
it's ok
that's why I am here
today

You can choose
a rug for me
I won't complain
if it's ugly

You can construct
me from wood
and I will last
like a good floor should.

When something slips
from your hand
I will catch it
see it land?

Everything
lands on me
that's because
of gravity

You will find me
everywhere
beneath your feet
with room to spare

If you don't find

me appealing
then meet my friend
Mr. Ceiling!

Birdtown Comics